

THE CHORUS GIRL
By ROY L. M'CARDELL.

GEO. M'ANUS'S GREAT HIT,
The Newlyweds : : Their Baby.

KETTEN'S
DAILY
COMIC.

Charles Darnton Talks With
DENMAN THOMPSON.

BOARDING HOUSE FABLES.
BY JOSEPH A. FLYNN.

MAGAZINE AND STORY
SUPPLEMENT

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SUPPLEMENT

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A Splendid Realistic Story
Founded on Klaw & Erlanger's
Great Play, "The Round Up."

By John Murray.

CHAPTER I.
The Crime at Florence.



The town, a mile away, slept through the torrid midday hours of Arizona. A low, heavy, leaden sky, draped in a through wire carried over mountain and plain from La Junta to Tucson. Old man Terrill, agent, operator, express messenger, a mercury of the frontier, had cut in on the wire to catch the news of the passing world. Market reports, tragedies of lands beyond seas, commodities of life in great cities, tales of battles and sudden deaths had lost all interest to him. He awaited the telling only of an uprising of the Apaches and the pursuit by Crook.

Terrill was one of the oldest settlers in the Territory, driftwood of the days when the Santa Fe trail was the great highway from Omaha to the Southwest. Once the daring head rider of the pony express, a pair of black eyes lured him into an eddy when the construction gang of the railroad moved onward. He remained at Florence as railroad and express agent. In the long hours between trains he learned telegraphy, gradually adding the title and emoluments of operator to his manifold duties. As agent of the express company, he played the part of the local banker and safe deposit for an enormous safety pin by the simple process of fastening the money on the under of the lining of the garment, keeping it under his pillow at night. For defense he carried a revolver swung at his hip. Loosely hung, easily reached, his quickness on the draw in the hour of need and accuracy of aim made him a formidable antagonist.

Florence had been a settlement about a spring before the advent of the railroad. Builders of the line got into trouble with the inhabitants. In revenge they located the station half a mile away from the well, thinking new settlers would come to them. In this they were disappointed. The point was an isolated one and the station a deserted spot between trains.

Even the sounder ceased its tickings. From the mountains a wind rose, tossed up little dust, dust down the trail. Terrill's head fell forward with a jerk. Arouned by the shock, he glanced drowsily about him. Heat waves danced before the open window. Deep silence hung over his little world. Again his eyelids closed, his head dropped and slowly he slipped into sleep.

Down the road a negro, winding through bushes and cholla into strange, fantastic shapes by the rapid action of water in floodtime, until a deep valley or draw had been made, a man, clad as a cowboy of the Southwest, cautiously crept.

He wore a coarse flannel shirt, loosened at the throat. About his neck was a handkerchief. His riding overalls were tucked into high boots with Spanish heels and long spurs. A Mexican hat with a head band topped a head covered with coarse black hair, for "Bucky" McKee was a half-breed, offspring of a teamster and a Choctaw squaw.

He was born in the Strip, but in boyhood had wandered into Arizona. His past record was bad. He never had been imprisoned into closely by his acquaintances. The custom of the country, an unwritten law as strong as the statute of the States and Persians, prevented men from asking one another of their past performances.

Reaching the mouth of the draw almost opposite the railroad station, McKee carefully scanned the surroundings. He glanced back to a clump of mesquite, where his horse, in the care of another rider, "Bud" Lane, a young bruiser, had the animals in charge.

Shadows had begun to fall across the hills. Save for the vulture floating high in the air not a living thing was in sight. With the caution of a coyote McKee crept to the station door and peered blinking into the room. The change from the glaring light of the day to the shaded interior blinded him for the instant. The heavy breathing of the sleeper startled him. He paused for a moment only. With a slow, satisfied smile he straightened up and walked with assumed carelessness and clanking spurs to the railing which cut off the agent's space, in which were a table and a ticket rack, from the remainder of the waiting-room.

The noise awakened Terrill. Like all men accustomed to emergencies, he was fully conscious as soon as his eyes opened. Yet he pretended to be

slightly confused in order to get a grasp on his surroundings and the character of his visitor before greeting him. "Howdy, Bucky?" he said, adjusting his revolver as he swung half round in his chair that he might reach his weapon more readily in an emergency. "How are you faring?"

"So-so," replied McKee, pulling from his pocket a bag of tobacco and papers from Juarez, a butterfly cigarette. "Just back from the States." Terrill smiled knowingly. "That means a lot," he answered.

"But yer life," laughed McKee. "Dead broke. Never had so much fun in my life. Slipped my roll over the board. That brand of whiskey they shove over the bar at the Lone Star sure is no dream."

The sounder of the telegraph had begun again its clicking. Terrill faced the table. McKee moved gradually toward the opening of the railing. "How about the Apaches?" asked McKee as he slyly hitched his revolver.

"Heard nuthin' yet," answered Terrill. "This is about money. Sending \$3,000 down to the paymaster. Must get it off on No. 2 to-night."

McKee had noiselessly slipped behind Terrill's chair. His lips twitched nervously. His eyes narrowed. Every move of the agent's big shoulders and hand at the key was studied intently. McKee's fingers grasped the butt of his revolver. Leaning forward in his eagerness he said: "Got it with you?"

"Sure," answered Terrill unthinkingly. Realizing the foolishness of his reply he gasped. "Why—"

The sentence was never completed. McKee had drawn his revolver with the quickness of the leap of a panther and covered Terrill. "Then hand it over," coolly replied McKee.

Once having his victim in his power, all the innate cruelty of the Indian blood of his ancestors flashed to the surface. Terrill was at his mercy. For one desperate moment he would play with him; even torture him as his forefathers had once made miserable the last moments of a captive. He knew that unless he silenced Terrill his life must pay the forfeit.

The Lover Who Vanished.



Dick Lane.

Death was the penalty of detection. The arm of the express company was long. Ultimate capture was certain. Pursued out of Arizona by the Sheriff, he would be trailed through every camp and town in the Far West.

With an oath Terrill tried to rise and face his antagonist, reaching for his revolver as he did so. The butt of his weapon had caught in the arm of the chair, hampering his movements.

McKee threw him roughly back into the chair. "Throw up your hands," he cried. "Don't try that!"

Up went Terrill's hands high over his head. He faced the open window. Not a sign of help was in sight.

Quickly the agent turned over in his mind schemes to foil McKee, who now stood behind him with the muzzle of his revolver pressing into the middle of his back. Each was rejected before half conceived. McKee laughed sneeringly, saying: "You oughtn't to be so careless to show where you cache your roll. Worse than a senorita with a stocking. She never keeps a whole pair when Manuel is playing fair."

Terrill made no reply. His hope of escape was slowly fading. McKee had reached his left hand over his prisoner's shoulder to disarm Terrill, who moved slightly away from him, drawing in his feet as he did so. One chance had come to him. He knew that if he failed, death was certain, but that one opportunity must be taken. It was an old wrestler's trick—one with which he had conquered others in the rough games of the corral.

Again Terrill moved to the right and further under McKee, who had to extend his arm and body far beyond an upright position. Holding his revolver against Terrill's hand, he grasped McKee's left arm, jerking it down sharply on his shoulder. With his right hand he grasped the back of his antagonist's neck, pulling his head downward and inward. Using his shoulder for a fulcrum, with a mighty heave of his legs and back he sought to toss McKee over his head.

So surprised for an instant was the cowboy by the suddenness of the attack that he made no effort to

escape the clutches of the desperate express agent. His feet had left the floor and he was swinging in the air before his finger pressed the trigger. There was a muffled report. The two men fell in a heap on the floor, McKee on top.

Dazed and shaken, McKee scrambled to his feet. The air was pungent with the odor of powder smoke. Terrill rolled over on his side, trembling convulsively and died. He had sacrificed his life for duty. McKee quickly unfastened the pin and seized the roll of bills. Skimming through the package, he smiled with satisfaction to see that most of it was in small bills and none of them stained.

Carefully avoiding the fast forming pool of blood which was oozing from the hole in the dead man's head he hurried to the door.

A glance showed him the coast was clear. Running across the tracks he hastened up the draw and joined Lane, who was waiting for him with impatience. In silence they mounted and rode toward the mesa, McKee's horse pacing across the level ground before breaking into a lope.

"Why did you shoot?" gasped Lane.

"He drew on me," snarled McKee. "You'll get half. Shut up!"

Toward the evening shadows rode the two men.

The Desperate Fight in the Railway Station
Which Ends in the Death of Old Man Terrill.



"His feet had left the floor and he was swinging in the air."

The buzzard dropped lower in the sky. Death and silence brooded over the railroad station.

CHAPTER II.
Jack Payson and Echo Allen.

JIM ALLEN was the sole owner and proprietor of Allen Hacienda. His ranch stretched for miles up and down the Sweetwater valley. Bounded on the east and west by the foothills, the tract was one of the garden spots of Arizona. Southward lay the Sweetwater Ranch, owned by Jack Payson. Northward was the home ranch of the Lazy K, an outfit ever at petty war with the other settlers in the district.

After many adventures, with rising and falling fortunes, Allen had founded a home on the Sweetwater and was now one of the cattle barons of the Great Southwest. Prosperity had not spoiled him. Careless in his attire, cordial in his manner, he was a man who was loved and respected by his men, from the newest tenderfoot to the veteran of the bunk house.

Allen was seated on the piazza of the hacienda, reminiscing with young Jack Payson, a suitor for the hand of his daughter, Echo. The building was of the old Mexican style, an architecture found by centuries of experience to be suited best for the climate and the materials of the land.

It was only one story in height and sprawled over a wide expanse of ground.

the sod and never let up. We lost thousands of cattle and horses. Just naturally died of starvation and cold. We skinned some of them, but most was left for the wolves. Out of three stations after that storm we shipped 100,000 hides."

The storm was the end of Abilene as a cattle town. Ellsworth had the cill. With Newton it shared the honors of being "the wickedest town in the West."

"It sure was a lively place. Jack, when I was a youngster there was no Sunday west of Newton and no God west of Pueblo. We lived hard and rode harder. It sure was tough."

"So I've heard, but we're not saints here yet." "That's right. Tell me, have you heard anything of Dick Lane?"

"No more than what you know. The Apaches got poor Dick two years ago. They never got the body, but you know the rest. That brings up what I want to talk to you about. Uncle Dick, I want to marry Echo. You know she was engaged to Dick, but she loves me now and I asked her to have me, and she says she will. I want you to give your consent."

"Echo is a mighty good girl," reflected Allen. "She has never given me an hour's worry. Me and her and ma have had some hard times in our day, but Echo she never whimpered. I made up my mind to give her the best I had when the time came, and she sure got it. Her schoolin' never spoiled her. She got right down to it after them dodes in the East, and she was as fit as a fiddle when she was out on our

sight. If she wants to marry a cowboy, well and good. I rather you would have her, Jack, than any man I know, but it sure is going to be a wrench to have her go away."

"You cannot keep her always, Uncle." "No, that's so. But be good to her, Jack, and play fair, or she'll never forgive you. I'm goin' in. I reckon you'll want to see the girl and get me now."

"Here she comes now from her ride." "So long, Uncle," said Jack, grasping the old rancher's hand warmly.

Echo Allen was a true woman of the plains country. With dark hair, a clear complexion, a pleasing countenance, she combined the delicacy of a city woman with the hardihood and the independence of a girl accustomed to taking care of herself on the plains. She could ride with the steadiness of a cowboy and knew all the tricks of the ponies in her father's corral.

Home from school, she had thrown away her long frocks and donned a skirt reaching just below the knees. The blouse was loose, allowing her free play for her arms and shoulders. Laced boots reached to her knees. A sombrero and riding gloves completed her riding attire.

"Polly, companion, cousin and friend, who delighted to describe herself as a poor relation, shared her home and life on the range. She was of another type of beauty. From some ancestor she had inherited her blond hair, with blue eyes and a nose just inclined to tilt. Kind and lovable, she delighted to tease the men folk, who positively adored her. But Bud Lane, a youthful horse wrangler, was her sweetheart, a fact she took no pains to conceal. Her devoted admirer, her champion and her slave was Slim Hoover, the fat Sheriff.

Mrs. Allen was as pretty in the hands of the girls, but ruled Allen by seeing in every emergency. As the girls were on his side he usually got his way in the end.

The household was typical of the prosperous ranchman's home in the Southwest. The bunkhouse of the cowboys was near the Sweetwater. The foreman did

Dreaming Only of Love.



Jack Payson and Echo Allen.

all the business with the owner and the men rarely came to the house except when they were invited. For months they were on the trail or the round up. Allen rode with them, leaving the women folk to take care of the home ranch with Mexican help.

It was into this home Jack Payson came a-wooing. He had won the heart of Echo, although she had given her word to Dick Lane to wait for him. Two years had passed. Dick was reported dead, slain by the Apaches. At last Echo yielded to Jack's persuasions.

Jack helped her dismount at the corral gate. Leading her into the garden, he told her he had won her father's consent and asked her to hurry and name the day.

Laying her hand in his she smiled shyly in his eyes and said: "A month from to-day, Jack."

"One more month," answered Jack, as he kissed her.

CHAPTER III.
And What About Dick Lane?

DOWN an old Apache trail in the Ghost Range in Northwestern Mexico, two years before the story opens, a prospector made his way on horseback. His burro, laden with a bedroll, pick, frying pan, battered coffee pot and pack, carefully picked his way after him.

Not a breath of air stirred the pines on the mountainside. On the levels the cactus flaunted its blood-red flowers like burning torches at noonday. Little dust devils would arise without reason, spin violently and whirl down the pathway, to be lost in the nothingness from which they sprang.

Loose stones, displaced by the horses' hoofs, clattered down the hillside, breaking the awful stillness which hung over valley and mountainside. The sun, balanced in mid-heaven like a ball of heated iron drawn from the puddlers' furnace, scorched and burnt the wayfarer.

The rider halted his horse to rest. He drank

springly from his canteen. Water was more precious to him at the moment than the gold he sought. For days he had ridden and toiled, studying the outcrop of ledges, climbing every land slip, ever looking for the lost lode of the Aztecs.

Traditions of lost mines are plentiful in Arizona and Northern Mexico. First taken up by the Spanish invaders of three hundred years ago from the native Indians, they have been passed down to each subsequent influx of white men. The directions are always vague. The inquirer can get no information down to any definite data. Over the mountains always lies the road. Hundreds of lives have been sacrificed, cruelly unparalleled praed upon innocent men, women and children, by gold seekers in their lust for conquest. Prosperous Indian villages have been laid waste, whole bands of adventurers have gone in the deserts in the search of these mines never to return.

The Indians learned to avoid the mountains which cost them so dearly. In them dwell evil spirits. Only when forced to take refuge in them by pursuing soldiers would they dare the anger of their gods.

Dick Lane was only one of the thousands who had been led into the search for the lost mine of the Aztecs. Casting aside the stories of Indians and the fictitious maps of the Mission Fathers, he had relied upon experience in tracing the leads from Northern goldfields. His trip had yielded no results. He had made up his mind to retrace his way to Arizona, marry Echo Allen, settle down on a ranch and look after his holdings in Bisbee.

Dick Lane and Jack Payson were chums from boyhood. Dick was the elder. Tall, wiry, he was of the type of man whose appearance did not suggest the physical strength he possessed. Much of his life was spent in the field as a prospector. In those ventures Dick and Jack were partners. Jack had staked him for his present trip; which was ending in a failure.

Lane was not of a highly romantic temperament. His wooing of Echo had not been romantic. The big playfellow and guardian in childhood, she in early girlhood had promised to marry him without knowing her own mind fully. For her, it seemed a matter of course. In hours of stress he had helped her father. He was so truly in love with her that when he asked her to be his wife, she had agreed without hesitation. She loved him, it was true, but whether it was the great love of her life-time, she was too young to know.

At the foot of the declivity the trio halted in a boulder strewn valley to avoid the extreme heat of the day. Lane eased up the girl and loosened the pack on the burro. He took her Winchester from the saddle holster and laid the rifle beside his canteen. Staking out his animals to nibble at the sparse growth of grass, he made a frugal meal of hard bread and cold fried bacon.

Although apparently alone in the wilds, he kept a careful lookout for Apaches. Allen had been in the field for three months. So he had not heard of their recent outbreak. The United States troops had chased the Indians over the border, where the Mexican Rurales had taken up the pursuit. With one enemy behind them and another trying to head them off, the Apaches had turned sharply to the left and pitched into the Superstition Range. There they had crossed Allen's trail, but, knowing he was alone, planned to trap their quarry when the hour was more opportune.

The Mexican soldiers had pressed the Indians severely. Even now the band was less than an hour behind the prospector, following the same trail. Like Lane, the Indians had halted for a brief respite from house on horseback, sending a scout ahead to spy out the trail. Lying flat on his belly, his head hidden by a mesquite bush, the Apache peered down the valley. A wreath of smoke from Dick's pipe floated idly in the air betrayed him.

Signaling to the band, his members, leaving their horses in care of two of their number, stole forward as cautiously as had the scout.

Lane had been musing over the failure of the trip and day dreaming over a return to Echo when a snort of the horse aroused his suspicion. He carefully loosened his cartridge belt and eased up the hammer of his rifle to ascertain whether it was working properly. Backing to the foot of a wall of rock which towered above him, protecting him from attacks in the rear, he searched the trail with his eyes. Not a sign of life was evident.

The horse had renewed its grazing. Danger seemed to be as remote as in an English garden on a midsummer's day.

But as he gazed up the mountain he saw a bush shake as if stirred by a passing breath of air, and a rifle ball spat spitefully against the wall above his head, powdering him with the splintered stone.

"The Apaches," he cried, dodging behind a waist high boulder.

A long silence followed the first shot. Dick knew the Indians were creeping up slowly on him. Occasionally he could detect a slight quiver in a clump of sage brush or hear a stone slip and faintly fall. Once he caught sight of a head at the skyline of a butte, but it disappeared so abruptly he could not take aim.

Dick waited in patience, knowing that before the sun was high older he would either be dead or have all the fighting he wanted for a lifetime. He laid cartridges in a row beside him to reach them more easily and quickly when the Indians made a rush. He knew the Apaches would not come into the open until they had secured all efforts to kill him without availing themselves.

The burro, less excitable, ran in circles with the stone to which he had been secured as a pivot. Slowly the minutes dragged.

(To Be Continued.)

This great American romance will be continued in daily installments until completed